

Tommy's Torture

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Summary: Angelica needs Tommy's recommendation to get into a beauty school vocational. Can Tommy trust her, and can she keep her temper long enough to make sure Tommy gives her a good review? "Come on, Pickles, really? Not in a million years."

Tommy's Torture

"Sorry, Chuckie, I can't hand out for the next few hours," Tommy said over the phone. He, Kimi, Phil, and Lil were all going to go out for lunch and wanted to see if Tommy and Dil wanted to come along.

"Well, we may be going to the beach later if you two want to come with us," Chuckie offered.

"Maybe," Tommy said. "I'd promised I'd help Angelica with her experience."

"Are you nuts?" Chuckie asked, exasperated. "Don't you remember what she did to us when she offered to cut our hair?"

"She was like, eight," Tommy retorted and switched the phone over to his other ear. "Besides, this is to get into a vocational class, but I'll still stay alert."

"Alright, well, we're about to leave. Call me when you're done?" Chuckie asked.

"Of course," Tommy promised. "Well, bye, have fun."

Tommy hung up the phone just as Angelica walked into the room holding a decorative handbag with Stu and Didi behind her.

"It's so nice of you to help out Angelica get her experience for her vocational," Didi said,

"Hey, it's nothing," Tommy said as Angelica set up. "I just don't understand why I have to do it and not one of the girls."

"I need five references from people," Angelica said. "The more variety, the better. I already have Kimi, Mrs. Charmicheal, Lil, and our neighbor down the street, and I think it would really look good on my application if I got a young boy's reference," she said, handing Tommy a questionnaire.

"Well, you two have fun," Stu said. "Your mom and I are going out to lunch for a couple of hours."

"Leftovers are in the fridge for lunch," Didi said. "Keep an ear out for Dil. He's sleeping upstairs. He went to an all-nighter with some laser tag friends and is a little tuckered out."

"Will do, Mom," Tommy said.

"You do have fun and I promise, this will turn out better than the barber shop disaster," Angelica said. She handed Tommy a pen and he filled out the personal info at the top of the questionnaire.

"I hope so," Stu said. "Don't make a mess and we will be back in a couple of hours." Stu and Didi walked out the door and the kids waited until they heard the car go down the street.

"Alright this is what I'm going to do," Angelica said, clapping her hands and facing Tommy. "I'll be giving you a manicure and pedicure." Tommy gave her a confused look. "That's hands and feet," she explained and Tommy nodded. "As we go, you need to fill out that questionnaire. It will have a range of statements and you need to circle one of the numbers, one through four. One being the statement is very untrue, four meaning the statement is very true," she explained. "Got it?" Tommy nodded.

"But do we really have to paint my nails?" he asked.

Angelica thought for a moment. "Tell you what, I won't do any nail polish for the mani-hands, and I'll do clear for the feet."

"Wow, that's...really reasonable," Tommy said uncertainly.

"Tommy, do you really think I would jeopardize getting into the vocational class by doing something to make you give me a negative review?" Angelica asked.

"I guess not..." Tommy said,

Angelica set a beach towel on the floor in front of the couch. "We'll do this on the floor so we don't get anything on the couch," she explained.

She helped Tommy to the floor and had his back to the couch. She put a pillow behind Tommy's back. He was a little surprised at first, until he looked at the questionnaire. "Applicant made me feel comfortable" was the first statement. Tommy rolled his eyes and circled the four.

"I appreciate your enthusiasm, but you may want to wait until we do the pedicure so you can have your hands free," Angelica said.

Tommy put down the questionnaire and the pen and gave Angelica his hands. "Why are they called manicures and pedicures?" he asked.

It comes from the latin names for hands and feet. 'Mans' are hands, 'peds' are feet," Angelica explained as she cut his nails.

"Is that why a pedestrian is someone who walks?" Tommy asked.

"Now you've got it," Angelica said. A few minutes went by in silence and Angelica went from cutting to filing.

"I'm supposed to hold a conversation with you," Angelic said.

"Well, what do you want to talk about?" Tommy asked.

"I'm not exactly sure. We're family that sees each other every day, so there's not much to talk about," Angelica admitted.

"How did the girls like this?" Tommy asked as Angelica wrapped his hands in warm wash rags.

"I got pretty good review from everyone," Angelica said. "Due to the confidentiality, I have to have you seal it in this envelope and sign it so I can't see it, but they told me they were impressed."

Tommy nodded as Angelica did some things that he wasn't even sure what the reason was. "How's your summer?" Tommy asked. It was the middle of July and needless to say, hot. Tommy was in nothing but a tee shirt and shorts and he still couldn't walk outside without sweating.

"Besides getting this done pretty lame." Angelica said. "But I've been focused on this so I have a good chance of getting in.

"Am I the last one or do you have more lined up?" Tommy asked as Angelica put lotion on his hands.

"You're the last one. I'm only required to do three, but I can do up to five," Angelic explained. "All done," she said and Tommy looked at his hands.

"Wow, that was fast," Tommy said.

"Well, that's what happens when you won't let me do anything," Angelica said. "But the pedicure will take longer," she warmed as she scooted backwards a little put. "Okay, feet," she commanded, patting her lap. Tommy leaned back and put her feet and her lap and she went to work.

"Are you nervous about being a freshman next year?" Tommy asked. He was nearly thirteen and knew that high school would throw him for a loop in two years.

"Not as much if I get into this vocational," Angelica said.

"Why is it called a vocational?" Tommy asked, reaching for the questionnaire and pen.

"'Vocare' is Latin for 'to be called, so a vocational is a calling,"

Angelica said.

"I thought this was a manicure and pedicure, not a Latin lesson," Tommy said.

"Well, a lot of our words come from Latin, like the word 'donate' is Latin for 'you all must give'," Angelica said.

"Huh, never knew," Tommy said, reading over the questionnaire and filling it out with, to his surprise, mostly threes and fours.

"Well, now you do," Angelica said.

A few more minutes passed in silence before Angelica finally broke it.

"Well, I'm almost done. How's it going with the questionnaire?"

"I got it all done. I even put in the additional comments 'very informative'. It was a pretty good review," Tommy said.

Angelica handed him the envelope and he folded up the paper and put it inside.

"All I have to do now is lotion your feet," Angelica explained as she squirted lotion into her hand.

Tommy sealed the envelope and signed it, handing it back to Angelica.

She put it on the table with her supplies and rubbed the lotion into his feet. He sat back to relax, but ended up jerking his foot away from Angelica.

"You okay?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Yep, it was nothing you did, I'm fine," Tommy said, putting his feet back on her lap.

Angelica looked up at him skeptically. She locked eyes with him and they continued to stare at each other as Angelica raked her nails up the sole of Tommy's foot. She grinned as Tommy again jerked away from her, trying to fight a smile.

"Angelica, no," Tommy said with a hint of laughter in his voice.

"Listen, let me finish this. I'll be more careful and even pin your feet down so we can get this over with," Angelica said.

Tommy sighed and put his feet back on her lap. "Hurry up."

She turned her back to Tommy and put one foot under her arm and the other one she sat on with it in-between her legs. "Just try to relax." she said,

Tommy closed his eyes and tried to relax, and the rest went by without a hitch.

"You're done, Tommy," Angelica said, putting the bottle of lotion on the table. "That wasn't that bad now, was it?"

"No, it really wasn't, I'm impressed," Tommy said. He tried to free himself of Angelica's grip, but realized that he couldn't.

"Um, Angelica, can you let go of me now?" Tommy asked. "You said you would just do the lotion and be done."

"Oh, I'm done," Angelica said. "With that." Tommy burst into uncontrollable laughter as he felt Angelica's nails spider up the soles of his feet.

"Angelica," Tommy said in-between laughs.

"What, I can't leave anyways, I have to watch you," Angelica said.

"Stop!" Tommy shouted, trying to jerk away from her, but she had him pinned.

"That's right, you're extremely ticklish from the waist down, right?" Angelica asked. "And Dil from the waist up?"

"Yes!" Tommy screamed, but immediately regretted it. There was no way she was letting him up anytime soon now.

"I didn't even think your feet were your most ticklish spot," Angelica said, turning around to face Tommy somewhat, but still keeping him pinned. "I thought it was-" she started and gently raked her nails down his inner thigh. He screamed in laughter and tried desperately to get out of his cousin's hold. "And apparently I'm right."

Tommy tried to say "Ollie-ollie-oxen free", realized he couldn't find the breath to, then just tried saying everything from "uncle" to "stop" as Angelica continued her tickle attack. In a last ditch attempt, he mouthed "I can't breathe" and if he was being honest, it was becoming increasingly harder to inhale just to use it all laughing again.

Angelica continued her attack on both thighs and Tommy grabbed the pillow from behind him. He hit her with it in hopes that she would at least loosen her grip enough so he could get away. That's when Angelica noticed how helpless her cousin was. He obviously couldn't get out of her grip and his feet were too far apart to block her. The couch was at his back, the table to his right, and the recliner to his left. The only thing he had was an extra-soft pillow to defend him and he wasn't making any noise due to the lack of air he was in-taking.

"Huh, looks like I have you in a pickle, Pickles," Angelica said.

Tommy leaned forward to try to push Angelica's hands away, but she just turned her attention back to the soles of his feet and the vicious cycle started over again. He again tried to jerk away, but only managed to pull himself closer to his cousin.

Angelica then spidered her fingers along his inner thighs and looked

into his eyes and just had to laugh. Tommy's face was beat red with tears streaming down. He mouthed to Angelica, begging her to stop. Now matter how hard he tried, he couldn't make a single audible sound.

"Listen carefully, not like you have a choice," Angelica said, intensifying the tickling so he knew how serious she was. By the look of terror in his eyes, he got the drift. "This has absolutely nothing to do with my vocational recommendation. You're already done with it, you sealed it, it's done. This is just two cousins having fun." She could tell Tommy wasn't quite on board with that last statement. "If you even think about taking this out on the review, just remember," she said, adjusting herself to launch an attack on his thigh and feet simultaneously. He put the pillow to his face and attempted to curl into a ball, to no success. "This doesn't hurt me at all, and you're parents won't be home for another couple of hours. Catch my drift?" No response came from her cousin. "Got it?" Angelica said again, more firmly and intensifying her double ambush. Tommy pulled the pillow away from his face and began to, again, beat Angelica with it.

"I'm going to pee my pants," Tommy mouthed.

"Oh, your going to pee yourself?" Angelica asked. Tommy nodded. "Oh, you act like you've never peed on me before, and you're on a towel so, not going to make me stop."

"Please," Tommy mouthed. He was ready to crack.

"You know what you have to do," Angelica taunted.

Tommy made one last attempt to get away, but it was too late. He felt warm liquid seep from his pants and looked at Angelica. Her smile stroked fear into his very core at how evil it looked.

"I promise," Tommy mouthed.

"You promise you won't touch it?" Angelica said, prolonging it. Although, she was starting to get a little worried about how much more Tommy could take.

"I promise," Tommy mouthed again, nodding and holding his stomach.

"Angelica acted like she was going to think long and hard about it, but ended up putting both of her hands up in the air, but not letting him up.

Tommy laid on his back still laughing, but not nearly as hard. After a couple of seconds, he was able to vocalize again, but was still out of breath.

"It took you long enough, I was worried you were going to pass out," Angelica teased.

Tommy pointed a finger at Angelica. "Torture," he said, breathless.

"What, this?" Angelia said, quickly scrapping her nails down his inner thighs. His voice broke as he let out a high-pitched scream. Immediately recognizing it, he clamped both hands over his

mouth.

Angelica laughed. "Baby Tommy all over again?" she asked. Tommy shrugged.

"That was complete and utter torture," Tommy said, taking his hands away.

"Remember what you promised," Angelica said.

"I feel like that would go under 'cruel and unusual punishment'," Tommy said.

"Either way, you promised," Angelica said. "I'm letting you up, now." With that, she let Tommy out of her hold and he immediately pulled himself away from her, bringing his legs up to his knees and hugging them.

"Does anybody else know about that?" Angelica asked.

"You, Mom, Dad, Grandpa, and Rachel," Tommy said.

"Your ex knows, but not your best friend?" Angelica asked.

"She found it the same way you did," Tommy interjected. " We were playing one day and she just, found out."

"So I have the best piece of blackmail on you and the best way to make you talk?" Angelica asked.

"I'm ecstatic about it, too," Tommy said, sarcastically.

Angelica laughed. "You may want to go change your shorts," she said, motioning to the towel.

"Uh, right," Tommy said, blushing and standing up. Angelica took the towel and went to put it in the washer. Tommy went upstairs to change his shorts. He wasn't sure exactly what to make of Angelica after this, but there was very little he could do. One thing was for sure, though. Even though it was complete torture for him, he still had fun, and with only Angelica. For once, he felt like his older cousin actually loved him, and he guessed that was worth the torture. Then, he shook his head and said to himself, "Come on, Pickles, really? Not in a million years."

****A.N.:** So, how did you like it? This is my first Rugrats/ All Grown Up, fanfic, and I plan to do more (I can even continue this one if the demand arises for it). I also have done High School Musical (one of my VERY early ones), Phineas and Ferb, Alvin and the Chipmunks, How to Train your Dragon, Lilo and Stitch, and others, just check out my profile. If you have been following me, I know I have not gotten on in an extremely long time. The reason being, I didn't have the means to. Now, I am nearly 19, have a steady job, out of high school (had my open house yesterday, made out great :P), and just three days ago, bought myself a new laptop (this story being the first I typed on it), so I now have the means to post more and so that should not happen again, unless something stupid happens, and I can't guarantee that it won't. Anyways, if you liked it, review, favorite, do whatever. I will also be booting up my Deviantart (I think that's how it's spelled) under the same username. Also, if you have been

following me, first of all, bless you, and second of all, I have a How to Train your Dragon story in the works and I'm brainstorming a HTTYD/Phineas and Ferb/All Grown Up cross-over. So, yeah, it should be good, thank you for reading!**

End
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